



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

If we have erred in executing our task, it has been through love and admiration, and an honest applause of great efforts.

One thing we may add;—not as an apology for alleged defects, but to show what a few years of earnest labor may achieve, and that our readers may join with us in hoping that many more may follow with a like honor and success,—is this, that no one of the Brotherhood whose works we have described, is yet in his thirtieth year, Millais being three years short of this; Rossetti two, and Hunt one.

The other Pre-Raphaelite Brother, whose name we have barely mentioned—Thomas Woolner, a sculptor, is known by many exquisite works of his art, by some statues and designs of most delicate and pure fancy, in which these qualities are united with a rare vigor and manly force of feeling;—he has shown; that one day—may it be soon—he will take a place in public estimation beside those who have always honored him as themselves. If space be allowed to us, in future we may hope to say something of these sculptures, but our object of describing the works of the painters of the Brotherhood has been accomplished, and this paper has drawn itself out to an unusual, but not, we hope, an unwarrantable length.

JEAN PAUL.

"I would gladly after my death, have that which has never yet happened to any author, all my thoughts given to the world—not *one* should be concealed."

JEAN PAUL.

WHAT have the metaphysical agonies of a tender-hearted German to do with the positive aspirations of an artistic American? What has Jean Paul Richter to do with the "CRAYON?" Our answer is, that again in him we recognize one of those model-souls, which are as appropriate studies for a true artist as are the model-bodies. In his life and in his writings we find again that supremacy of the spiritual over the material, which is the sum of all that is beautiful. "In the moral desert of vulgar literature," says Carlyle, "with its sandy wastes, and parched, bitter, and too often poisonous shrubs, the writings of Jean Paul will rise in their irregular luxuriance, like a cluster of date-trees, with its green-sward and well of water, to refresh the pilgrim, in the sultry solitude, with nourishment and shade." We are fully alive to the responsibility which we take upon ourselves, by urging our friends to study the writings of this rugged Thought-hewer. It is no easy work. The greedy miners, who, in the Middle Ages, ransacked the Pine Mountains, in the bosom of which Jean Paul received his birth, to discover the gold which was said to exist there, could hardly have had a more irksome task than the eager scholars of our days, in search of the gold in Jean Paul's mountain of ideas. But the labor of the miner ended in disappointment, while the labor of the scholar, we promise him, will meet with great reward.

There were many incidents, too, connected with the humble origin and the arduous struggles of Jean Paul, which cannot fail to enlist sympathy for the man, even where admiration should be withheld from the author. Like many of our Western fellow-

citizens, he was born in a log-cabin, or rather in a house built of beams of wood, filled up with mortar, and thatched with straw, inclosing under the roof the stables, and shelter for all kinds of domestic animals. At the entrance is a small space partitioned off, for the implements of agriculture; on the wall hang the scythes, sickles, and cart and sled harness. A door on the right leads to the stalls for oxen and cows; and on the left another dwelling apartment, and in the rear is the little dark kitchen. The bed of the married pair sometimes stands in a small adjoining room, together with a large chest, curiously carved and ornamented, that descends from father to son as an heir-loom in the family. This chest contains the family linen, the money, the silver shirt-buttons of the husband, and necklace of the wife, the registers of marriage and births, tax-bills, and other important documents. The background of the premises is closed by a cart-house, swine-house, and large baking oven. In the centre stands a circular dove-house, elevated on a low pillar. This peculiar character of one of these Pine-mountain homesteads is familiar to those who have looked at Retzsch's beautiful sketches of German life, in the "Song of the Bell." Around are great piles of firewood ready split for the stove, necessary both winter and summer in a climate so severe as that of the Pine Mountains. An orchard near the house, with a little corner appropriated to kitchen vegetables, and still another little corner with a few pinks, forget-me-nots, and lavender-flowers complete the picture.

These little orchards surrounding the houses, the flowering hedges bordering the streets, and connecting house with house in the village at the foot of the mountain, and the rustic bridges crossing the frequent streams, give them an aspect of beauty, dear to the eye of the painter or lover of rural scenery. Other ornaments are the flowering maples and weeping birch-trees, and the decorated May-pole, that stands in the midst of every village, and around which on Sundays and festivals the dance is led. Not all the villages are thus ornamented. In some, the presence of only clumps of mountain-pine gives them a sombre and melancholy aspect.

The dress of the people is primitive and simple. The old women bind a three-cornered handkerchief upon the head, and the young weave a silken band through the hair. They wear a woollen petticoat with a leathern girdle around the waist, through which, in working hours, the petticoat is tucked. Their stockings reach only to the ankle, and the feet are bare, as the shoes are carried in the hand, and only put on when they reach the church-door. Plain and simple as are the inhabitants of this region, the charm of romance and the poetry of the ancient superstitions are thickly spread over it. Good-natured dwarfs and beneficent fairies are ever secretly entering, as old people relate, certain families, to bring them good fortunes. In the forest are *woodmen* and *woodwomen*, and everywhere around in the deep solitudes the horn of the "wild hunter," and the anvil blows of the "man of the mountain," are heard. The atmospheric phenomena of these regions are still another source of excitement to the imagination of the poet; the mountain-top

sometimes presenting the same peculiar rosy hue, that is seen upon the Alps.

It would be impossible for a poet with so keen a susceptibility to all impressions as Richter, to be born under such influences, and to pass his youth just within the threshold of a region so filled with romance, without its having a powerful, but perhaps secret influence upon the whole man, and upon the character of his genius and writings. It makes him the most personal of authors. The fact that he never could climb the heights of his birth-place, was the mother of that secret longing which he every moment, even in the most cheerful circumstances of his life, retained in the spirit of his youth. When easier circumstances permitted him to travel, he would not enter the solitary valleys or ascend the romantic heights of the Pine Mountain, lest the reality should break the enchantment of memory, and dispel the illusions of his youth, which embellished the evening of his life with such romantic hues. Late in life, drawn by the mountain-magnet, he returned to the place of his birth, after a short separation from it. The visitor found him, in his last years, in the little city and plain of Bayreuth, at the southern threshold of the mountain, where his eye could always turn to the high cradle of his infancy, and where the shadow of the pines could fall upon his grave. His father was an organist, his mother the daughter of a cloth-weaver; and harmony of soul and industry of hand were vouchsafed to Jean Paul in a singularly large degree. The romance of the Mountain Solitude fired his imagination. The poverty of the family engendered humility of heart, while the sublimity of nature around him fostered loftiness of thought. But his soul, heart, and brain were all *home-made*. In his most fantastic flights of fancy he never forgot to think of the queer night-cap of his father; in his boldest mental visions he never forgot to think of the three-cornered handkerchief upon the head of his mother. When he soars in heavenly regions of thought, he takes earth with him, his bread and butter, his birth, his homestead at Wunsiedel; and all the rest; and then he discloses to you, with terrible consciousness, but with irresistible humor, his spiritual experiences. What a glorious chaos of experiences! We turn over the leaves of his book to make our assertion good by some quotation. But we cannot do it. Jean Paul is unquotable. Here he gives us a word pregnant with world-wide meaning, which fills us with awe; there a word bristling with gigantic fun, which convulses us with laughter. While he holds up, as it were, to the angels in heaven the little incidents of his domestic and literary life, his every gesture trembles with an under current of huge spiritual merriment, as if he himself enjoyed the fun of spicing his offerings with his daily bread, and as if he felt so pure in heart, that he could afford to dare to blend the sublime with the ridiculous, without lessening our admiration of the one, and without incurring our displeasure at the other. And all this is done with such imperial contempt for all the laws of logic and rules of art. Glorious old fellow! Here is a man, one in a million,—one in a billion, who connects himself with eternity without feeling lowered by his mortality. When

he eats, when he drinks, when he sleeps, when he is in love, when he writes, when he meditates, when he dreams, he ever puts himself in communion—in reverential communion with the infinite spirit of the Noble and the Beautiful; his most trivial action is consecrated by the most hallowed disposition; the theological or metaphysical distinction which lower-tuned mortals make between heaven and earth, do not exist for him. He has the courage to give fair elbow-room to his soul, and over all the dirty little tricks which the body plays, he laughs like a jester. It is the soul of a poet in shirt sleeves, turning inside out, and outside in, looking upon itself with luminous reality, as if it was a playmate of one of the stars in heaven, or on the same heavenly par with the planet Earth itself. If this institution of a soul could have been drilled in the studio of an artist, and could have left the Wunsiedel cheese at home, and could have been purged of all its droll conceit and buffoon-like freaks, the world might, for the first time, have beheld a poet, whose music is steeped in love for mankind, and whose thought is baptized in celestial fires. But without going through such an artistic ordeal, the soul fell plumply upon such paper as the poor owner of it could get at Wunsiedel or at Bayreuth, and upon that greasy paper the soul stuck, but ludicrously unconscious of the grease. And in this unconsciousness lies the spell of his writings. This soul-nudeness, which would disgust us if we could detect only one single moral stain on its horizon, fascinates us by its massive, yet transparent purity. But a burlesque scene alloys our fascination. It is the bread and butter, and cheese. The smell of the stable. We cannot bear it. Future and better generations *may*. We cannot. For us, too many humiliating and groveling thoughts are connected with all these interweavings of the flat, little miseries of life. We have not learned yet to spiritualize, to ennoble, to beautify our little miseries. But Jean Paul *had*. And without the least regard for our arrogant sense of propriety, but with the most tender mercy for our weaknesses, he stretches that great soul of his out before us, in God knows how many volumes, with as much impudence and unconcern, as a Yankee would stretch out his legs in a bar-room of the Astor House. Yet the artistic and poetical mind will bow before the majesty of this impudent soul. It impresses like the picture of some yet unborn painter, who would give us a colossal tableau of the gloomy realities of his struggling life, all lit up by a sort of celestial fire. There is the landlady asking for payment, there is the tailor with his perennial bill, there is the shoemaker with his little account, there is Mrs. Artist with her wardrobe requirements, there are little artistic responsibilities, pretending to be educated in a Christian way; there is the public finding fault with the artist, and without soul or taste to measure his genius. All these semi-gloomy, semi-funny realities appeal here to the tender sympathies, there to the sense of the ridiculous in the beholder; but the melancholy groups are all lit up by some celestial spark. And this fine radiance imparts a spiritual unity to this hypothetical picture as it gives to the works of Jean Paul.

In our remarks on Schiller and Lessing,

we made it a point to generalize as little as possible, and to offer rather quotations than speculation. But, as we said before, Jean Paul does not admit of this. Schiller and Lessing, however high they may soar, ever give evidence of a well-disciplined soul. We could record its movements, and carve out, in due order and regularity, such passages which seemed to bear out the opinion we advanced about the author. But in Jean Paul's soul there is neither discipline, nor rule, nor order. We might as well endeavor to give you an idea of Niagara by presenting you a small tumbler with a few drops picked up in the cave of the Winds, as endeavor to give you an idea of Jean Paul, by presenting you with a small quotation of one or the other sentences picked up in his "Titan" or in his "Levana," or in any of his other writings. We had some scruples even in giving to Jean Paul a niche in our Crayon Temple of Art. At first it seemed to us like putting a dark rugged mountain in a collection of choice metals. But we felt fascinated by the pure gold which lies buried under his heaps of fantastic and metaphysical rubbish. Our friends, however, will have to dig it out for themselves. We can only say to them, "here is soul, presenting under the most singular and irksome outward appearances, a Unity of the Beautiful and the Sublime; and, as such, we commend it to your attention."

The German women did homage to this man as they never did homage before. He spoke to them; he wrote about them, not for what they are, but for what they should be. Not for what they are in an artificial and semi-pagan state of society, but for what they were intended to be in a natural and Christ-like order of things. Surely many shrank from the intuitive glances of the wayward man. Many laughed at the man who overrated them so ludicrously. Many, rather than to realize the probability of elevation, for which he gave their natures credit, revelled playfully in the strength of the sum of their inferiority. But those few,—and those few are many among the educated German women—who could boldly face the terrible moral sincerity of the man, looked upon him with a reverential love, and with true religious affection. He was a savior of souls, but in a different sense in which this operation is understood by theologians. By awakening the latent instincts of nobleness, by taking the existence of soul instincts for granted, he built monuments for himself in the hearts of the higher order of German women, whose moral nature he roused to thought and action, without bidding them to infringe upon the majesty of womanliness, or without disturbing the harmonies of Nature, or narrowing the sphere of the affections. Like all great souls, he began to show his chivalric feeling for the fair sex by his holy love for his lowly mother. Hallowed sight, that of a man standing upon the highest platform of thought, actually concealing his greatness, and affecting lowliness, to make the poor, old widowed mother feel easy, and with loving cunning keep out of sight those mountains of ideas, which, when once made visible, might create a dissonance in the music of the blow, and might blend the pure, motherly love for her baby, such as gladdens the mother's heart, and such as Jean Paul wanted it,

with a sense of inferiority and a leaning to reverence, which would have oppressed the good Jean Paul, and weighed upon his conscience, as if he would wish that he might be less great, so that his poor mother might love him the more. So we find this really beautiful man—this man, almost the only man in German literature, who was respected by the German princes, because he ever stood before them with the royal consciousness of his spiritual superiority; we find this man ever hovering around the narrow soul of his poor mother, and actually succeeding in covering by the luxuriance of his filial love the scars of her mental nature.

We dwell upon this feature of his character rather extensively, because it gives us a key to his wondrous power of reading female character. Like the artist, who, thoroughly studying *one* model, builds up in his mind a complete theory of Art, so Jean Paul, by studying thoroughly one woman, built up in his soul a complete knowledge of female character. But the most unselfish love of the beautiful in Art, and the most unselfish love of the beautiful in the filial relation, is required in the pursuit of these studies. This unselfish power of loving, Jean Paul possessed in a higher degree than any literary man we know of, and hence his immense influence upon so many women, with whom he became acquainted, personally or through his writings. We find two names in the history of literature which have some affinities with Jean Paul's. Berkeley, of England, in moral enthusiasm; Fenelon, of France, in tenderness of religious sentiment; but in his hold on the minds of the choicest specimens of womanhood he stands alone, as he stands alone in the clumsiness of the manifestations of his literary genius. We always thought that what between the enthusiastic musician, his father, and the dutiful cloth-weaver's lass, his mother, the music had inspired the spindle, the womanly element was struggling for a supremacy in his manly nature, and while we labor to unravel the ponderous thoughts which seem to haunt like nightmares his loving heart, we hear somewhat of a wail of agony, as if he was deploring that God had made him a man, just as the orthodox Jews thank God every morning for not having made them women.

It may be interesting to our readers to obtain some information about Jean Paul's first literary efforts. The solitude in which he was educated, deprived of the village school, and cut off from so many childish joys, was the fountain of that deep, continued, unappeased longing for fellowship, that runs through his life and all his works; the reason that he embraced every man with equal love, for every man seemed to him worthy of equal love, and no deception in his boyish years had laid the foundation for the conflicting emotions of love and hatred. His exclusion from the village school and the society of his equals, was his severest boyish affliction; therefore the village school remained through his whole life in the rose-light of memory. The thin, consumptive schoolmaster, whom he helped to hang out the cage to take the rising goldfinch, and spread the net over the cherry-trees, has held his place with the halo of memory surrounding him in all his works. His domestic education had the same influence upon his predisposition

to domestic still-life, to "spiritual nest-making," as upon the direction of his genius. As a boy, he considered the young swallows happy because they could sit so neatly in their wattled nests; and he preserved the same taste to his old age. The enlightened spirit of his father remained always a rich legacy to the son, and his disinterested human love fell as a mantle upon him. "When I think," he says, "that I never saw in my father a trace of selfishness, I thank God!" He stripped off his own garments to clothe the poor; the bread for the bond peasants was cut larger than he could afford; and he sent the schoolmaster, spite of his own poverty, a part of everything he had." When he went from the little village of Joditz (where from his functions as organist he had been elevated to that of minister) to Schwarzenbach, he was followed by the tears of his whole parish, who had become for many years as his own family. All this, of course, served to make a deep impression upon the character of Jean Paul. His "first love," too, deserves notice. It was a mere fancy, awakened by a blue-eyed peasant girl, who led the cow to the meadows. He lived long upon only one pressure of the hand; but it served to add the charm of memory to the sound of the cow-bell, which, he says, was to him through life, "the *Kuh-reigen* from the high, distant Alps of childhood, and like the sounds from the wind-harps, that came from afar off, and melted into more lovely distances, till he wept with pleasure and regret."

Before he went to the college at Hof, he had no other means of education but those afforded him by the library of a friend. His thirst for knowledge constrained him to read books of every species and of the most heterogeneous contents; hence the origin of that wonderful universality in knowledge, as the Germans call it, which, indeed, all richly-gifted minds seek, and of that power of illustration, which to the readers of Jean Paul, is a perpetual subject of wonder and astonishment. To the boy of fifteen years these books opened a mine of knowledge and of new ideas; he could not make them all his own, and they must be returned; therefore he adopted the plan of the commonplace book, which afterwards became a rich library in itself. Before his seventeenth year he had made many thick volumes, each of more than three hundred quarto pages. His first attempt at book-making was in his sixteenth year. "On the Practice of Thinking." After the title-page he writes:—"These essays are merely for myself. They are not made to teach others anything new. They are not ends but means, not new truths themselves, but means to find them. I shall often contradict myself; declare many things truth *here*, and errors *there*. But man is man, and not always the same."

Here are some extracts:—

"Many think themselves to be truly God-fearing when they call this world a valley of tears. But I believe they would be more so, if they called it a happy valley. God is more pleased with those who think everything right in the world, than with those who think nothing right. With so many thousand joys, is it not black ingratitude to call the world a place of sorrow and torment?"

"Many theological propositions that the enlightened consider false, may have their use, their manifold use, with smaller and less enlightened people. They are spurs to certain actions that would not be done without them. To people, who believe them because they have not the power to investigate them, they have their use; but to the wise the benefit ceases, for he believes them not, and cannot, because he is too enlightened. In the world, truth and error are as wisely distributed as storm and sunshine. Thou rejectest certain dogmas that are false; but canst thou substitute truths in their place, that will be as useful as the errors?"

"We do not discover our weaknesses to those whom we believe to have none themselves. From this cause geniuses appear to form friendships most readily with those who are in understanding far beneath them."

"Weak people live more in confidential friendship with each other than geniuses."

"Words never can express the whole that we feel; they give but an outline. When violent affections press, the word is never found that can paint the circumstances of the soul. We say only that something is there, but not what, and how it is. Only he whose soul is equally timid, feels the same; but he feels not merely what the other expresses, but what he *cannot* express. He paints out the picture that the other has only faintly sketched in outline."

Bear in mind that this was written by a youth of sixteen. In this, his first work, there are none of those peculiarities of expression, which make his books the despair of English and American students. On the contrary, the style is clear, concise, and remarkably simple. But the more he advanced in years, and grew in knowledge, the more difficult he found it to return to the child-like simplicity of writing, and his endeavor to convey all his thoughts to the reader, led him into the error of believing that they must be as intelligible to the reader, as they were to his own understanding. This was the weakness of the man. Or rather it is the weak point of all highly imaginative beings, whose exuberance of imagination is not kept within bounds by some active pursuit of stirring excitement, where, as in the pursuit of merchants, and lawyers, for instance, the constant friction with out-door life, absorbs somewhat of the inward gas, and produces a better balance of power. But let such imagination, overlaid with spiritual electricity, remain confined within the four walls of a studio, and remain separated from the daily jostlings with great crowds of all sort and manner of fellow-men, and they become either Coleridges, with an unquenchable thirst for talking, or Jean Pauls with an unpractical way of writing. No wonder that such men say and write so many strange, weird-like, and unfathomable things. Society is not ripe yet for allowing such extraordinary men to take the lead in the concrete world of action, as they lead the abstract realm of ideas. And in all these men, even in Carlyle and Emerson, a loud wail is heard occasionally, as if they felt that they were running waste, and as if they were fighting with the shadows of their own mighty spirits. Hence, so many mystic, sibyl-like, pro-

phetic, oriental utterances. The misfortune of such men is the crushing weight of their knowledge, the disenchanting influence of their experience, and while they torture the languages of the world, to help them to find some new world, while they helplessly and despondingly continue leaders and generals in the old inky battle of words, they will find one day some stripping, fresh from the fields of nature, some moral Napoleon, or spiritual Wellington, outstripping them all, and fighting his way to the heart of mankind, and succeed and conquer, when the old Nestors of the intellect have all failed. But, in the meanwhile, these men stalk about like lions, with manes majestic; and although inferior animals do not know what the kingly roarer means, yet they all feel the dignity of his presence, and those who do not fly, bow low. So it is with these great word-hewers. Hence, in Jean Paul, at least, the overflowing love of his heart was never clouded by the torturous reasonings of his brain; but it was this blending of a heart as poetical lover, and of a reason, as prosaic critic, that produced the fatal unintelligibility of his writings, which we cannot help deploring, while we must revere the tender emotions which made it almost a logical necessity.

In his eighteenth year he entered the University of Leipsic, where, under the most crushing weight of poverty, he pursued his studies. He hoped to derive some emolument from the books he was writing, but it was only after considerable delay that he found a publisher. These books consisted of a collection of moral, satirical sketches upon life, under the titles of "Literature," "Theology," "Family Pride," "Women and Fops," and were published by him, under the title of the "Greenland Lawsuits," but the local allusions which pervade the essays would make quotations very little satisfactory to our readers. We gather more of the progress of his intellectual life in the extracts from his journal. Every word here expresses that longing after sympathy and fellowship with the Beautiful and Good, that he afterwards describes so beautifully in the life of his *Walt*.

"We have had great spirits," he says, "but not great men. All our geniuses raise themselves, by their understanding, too far above this earth. We look sorrowfully after their flight, and regret that we are only men. We reverence, but we do not love them. Rousseau alone is an exception. His talents made him great as an individual; his heart allied him to all humanity. We love him the more because he discovered his faults to us, and was not ashamed to be our fellow creature. . . . We know more of the heads of celebrated men than of their hearts; they have sketched the former in their works; their heart is found in their secret actions, and they would more certainly please if they represented their thoughts, opinions, and feelings with less disguise. . . . There are certain men that we do not willingly thank—those from whom we expect—even receive good with reluctance. . . . The learned man is only useful to the learned; the wise man alone is equally useful to the wise and the simple. The merely learned man has not elevated his mind above that of others. He merely uses other instruments than his own; his hands are em-

played in business of which the head sometimes takes little note. It is wholly different with the wise man. He moves far above the common level. He observes everything from a different point of view. In his employments there is always an aim, in his views always freedom, and all with him is above the common level."

His "Greenland Lawsuit" was preceded by a satirical essay, which he called the "Eulogy of Stupidity." He judged humbly and wisely, that his mind was not sufficiently furnished with materials, and his imagination not ripe enough for great creations in the regions of poetry. In his French and English readings he had found a multitude of essays, that, without character or action, enjoyed the highest celebrity. They demanded only wit, satire, irony, and poetic illustration, and he felt himself capable of producing a book of this species. While he was awaiting the answer of the publishers to whom he sent his manuscripts, he learned well the severest experience of physical existence, that of a cold stove and an empty stomach. Fancy his joy, when, on a dismal winter day, as he sat, shivering and hungry, in his desolate apartment, a knock at the door brought him the gratifying intelligence, that Voss, the publisher, would receive and furnish out this, his first birth of love, so that it could appear with the other *enfants perdus* at the Easter Fair in Leipsic. Through his whole life Jean Paul looked back to this moment with the deepest emotions of gratitude—the moment when he received fifteen louis d'ors (about seventy dollars), the first fruits of his industry and genius.

His book, instead of a universal acknowledgment of its value, received only partial admiration, excepting from *one*, who appeared under the name of "Sophia." This the young lady expressed with much enthusiasm, and she evidently was anxious to become Mrs. Jean Paul. But Jean Paul did not seem to feel attracted to her, and the loving maiden of Hof had to sigh in vain. While on a visit to his poor mother at Hof, he wrote his celebrated "Little Book of Devotion," which should be rather called a manual of practical philosophy, full of pithy sentences pregnant with a spirit of love and virtue. "Evil," said he, "is like a nightmare; the instant you bestir yourself it has already ended." His strength and energy, and at last his trust increased, and was established on the immovable foundation of truth. At this time of his life, he formed his romantic friendship with Christian Otto, the son of the afternoon preacher of Hof. The elements of Otto's character were warm sympathy, unequalled tenderness, and self-sacrificing love, together with serene integrity and steadfastness of purpose. The penetration and discrimination of his mind, with his sympathy in all that was highest and noblest in literature and in life, singularly fitted him for the office of a critic; and, in after years, when Richter had found publishers for his works, he never printed a line, that had not passed twice through the ordeal of Otto's perusal and criticism.

Now to give an idea of his marvellous industry! In his fifteenth year, before he entered the Hof gymnasium, he had made many quarto volumes, containing hundreds

of pages of closely written extracts from all the celebrated works he could borrow, and from the periodicals of the day. In this way he had formed a repertory of all the sciences, containing philosophy, theology, natural history, poetry, and, in succession, medicine, jurisprudence, and universal history. He had also anticipated one of the results of modern book-making. He wrote a collection of what are now called *hand-books* of geography, natural history, follies, good and bad names, interesting facts, comical occurrences, touching incidents, &c., &c. He observed nature as a great book, from which he was to make extracts, and carefully collected all the facts that bore the stamp of a creating mind, whose adaptation he could see, or only anticipate, and formed a book, which bore the simple name of "Nature." When he meditated a new work, the first thing was to stitch together a blank book, in which he sketched the outlines of his character, the principal scenes, thoughts to be worked in, &c., and called it "Quarry for Hesperus," "Quarry for Titan," &c. He began also, in his earliest youth, to form a dictionary, and continued it through the whole of his literary life.

He made it a rule to give but one-half of the day to writing, the remainder to the execution of his various works, which he accomplished while walking in the open air. He is described by one who met him on the hills, with open breast and flying hair, singing as he went, while he held a book in his hand. Jean Paul, at this time, was slender; with a thin, pale face; a high, nobly-formed brow, around which curled fine blond hair. His eyes were a clear soft blue, but capable of an intense fire, like sudden-lightning. He had a well-formed nose, and, as his biographer expresses it, "A lovely, lip-kissing mouth." He wore a loose green coat and straw hat, and was always accompanied by his dog. As from every walk he returned to the little household apartment, where his mother carried on her never-ceasing female labors, where half of every day he sat at his desk, he became acquainted with all the thoughts, all the conversation, the whole circle of the relations of the humble society of Hof. He saw the value and significance of the smallest things. The joys, the sorrows, the loves and aversions, the whole of life in this Teniers picture passed before him. He himself was a principal figure in this limited circle. He sat, with "Plato" in his hand, while his mother scattered fresh sand on the floor for Sunday, or added some small luxury to the table on days of festival. His hardly-earned groschen went to purchase the goose for Martinmas, while he dreamed of his future glory among distinguished men. Long years he was one of this humble society. He did not approach it as other poets have done, from time to time, to study for purposes of Art the humbler classes; *he felt himself one of them, and in this school he learned that sympathy with humanity which has made him emphatically, in Germany, "the Poet of the Poor."*

Among all the authors of the time, Herder was the one to whom Jean Paul turned with the strongest sympathies. Herder's great views of the world, were as if written from the anticipation of his own soul, and to Herder alone he unveiled the

deeper and more earnest impulses of his mind, which, to others, were concealed beneath the light garment of wit and satire. He sent, through Herder, to Wieland, who was at this time editor of the "German Mercury," two serious essays for that publication. In this instance, as well as through life, his success was decided by a woman. Herder was travelling in Italy; but the peculiar union, not only of heart, but of literary pursuits, that existed between Herder and his accomplished wife, permitted her to open and read all his literary communications. She was deeply touched by Jean Paul's essay, "*What is Death?*" and this was an introduction to a friendship with that charming woman that lasted to the end of life.

Caroline Herder was the first of the higher German female world, whose heart Jean Paul gained through a poetic work; and that a little serious essay. This was a prophetic assurance that from the German *women* he should receive through life the highest reward of fame. It could not fail to make a deep impression upon his mind, that through a little serious and earnest work, he had reached in a moment that for which he had been striving in vain, through so many years, in volumes of witty satirical essays. Endowed as he was with that which the French so beautifully call "*politesse du cœur*," and with a noble, sympathizing, loving soul, he became the idol of a great number of cheerful family circles wherever he resided, and the intercourse was for him so much the more charming, as he soon found in each family, one or more growing-up daughters, who discovered for his higher nature a surprising sympathy, and who by their more susceptible imagination, attached themselves closely to him. His musical taste added also to his social charms. He played never from written or printed notes, but *phantasied*, as the inspiration of the moment and the mood of his feelings dictated. In this manner he poured out all the emotion, images and dreams of his soul, without the timidity that he always felt at expressing them in words, and excited his hearers with his own emotions. "Often," said one of his charmed circle, "when we had collected ourselves about him in the twilight, and he had phantasied on the piano, until the tears ran over all our faces, and from emotion Paul could play no longer, he began the most humorous stories about his future life." * * * * *

Jean Paul's writings were so much the reflection of the feelings of the man, that we cannot convey a better idea of the one than by dwelling upon the character of the other. Moreover, in our spasmodic days, when books and conversation have strayed so far away from the innocent enjoyments of Virtue and Beauty, and all sorts and manner of deleterious drugs vitiate the thought and emotion of man, it does, verily, good to and gladdens the heart, to contemplate the possibility of a sunny existence like that of Jean Paul's. To him the world was a garden, and every other manifestation of Humanity a different flower, and, like some cosmopolitan butterfly, he extracted some sweetness from every flower, and fluttered about books and society with a soul full of jubilees of fragrance and love.

In his "*Levana*," his celebrated work

upon education, he embodied the experiences which he made when in his twenty-sixth year, the precariousness of his position having induced him to take charge of a little school at Schwarzenbach. The deep and marked peculiarities of a poetic nature were never brought into fuller exercise than by Jean Paul, in the formation and government of this little school. That which is, usually, to men of rich endowments, a vexatious and wearisome employment, the daily routine of instruction for little children in the elements of knowledge, became to him a source of noble and elevating thought. In his little school there was no learning by heart, no committing to memory the thoughts of others, but every child was expected to use its own powers. His exertions were mainly directed to awaken in the children a reproducing and self-creating power. All knowledge was, therefore, the material out of which they would form new combinations. The whole of his instructions being directed to create a desire for self-study, and thus lead his pupils to *self-knowledge*. He aimed to bring out as much as possible the natural talents of his pupils; and, after exciting a love of knowledge, he left them to a free choice as to what they would study; but their zeal and emulation were kept alive by a little book, in which an exact account of the work of each pupil was recorded; this was shown to parents and friends at the end of the quarter, and so great was their zeal, that they needed a rein rather than a spur. While he accustomed the children to the spontaneous activity of all their faculties, he gave them five hours a day of direct instruction, in which he led them through the various departments of human knowledge, and taught them to connect ideas and facts by comparison and association. From the kingdom of plants and animals he ascended to the starry firmament, made them acquainted with the course of the planets, and led their imaginations to their worlds and their inhabitants. Then he conducted them through the picture gallery of the past history of nations, and placed the heroes, saints, and martyrs, poets and artists of antiquity before them, or he turned their attention to the mystery of their own souls, and the history of man. The unfolding and culture of all that was good and beautiful in his children, was one of the most delightful employments of Jean Paul. He knew that a better future was only to be acquired by a better youth, and with this view he wrote his work upon education. A critic says of *Levana*: "In no other of his works is the whole man, in his inward and outward being, and in his relation with, and reciprocal dependencies on the outward world, so unfolded as in this." No writer upon education has thrown so much light upon the holy and hidden impulses of the child's soul; no one has written with such reverence of the childish nature, and the necessity in a teacher to respect the *individuality* of the child; and not, as has been too much the practice, measuring all upon the same Procrustes' bed.

That which has distinguished all his works was even more apparent in this, a singular knowledge of the female heart in its deepest and most delicate folds. He understood the false position in which

women are frequently placed, and he had, on that account, more leniency for their weaknesses than for the other sex. Carlyle characterizes "*Levana*" as: "distinguished by keen, practical sagacity, as well as generous sentiment, and a certain sober magnificence of speculation. Germany," continues Carlyle, "is rich in works on education; richer at present than any other country; it is there only that some echo of the Lockes and Miltons, speaking on this high matter, may still be heard; and speaking of it in the language of our own time, with insight into the actual events, advantages, perils, and prospects of their ages. Amongst writers on this subject, Jean Paul holds a high place; if we look chiefly at his tendency and aims, perhaps, the highest."

His novel, "*Hesperus*," was his first known work which acquired for him universal fame at home, but not until the publication of his "*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces*" became he known abroad. This is a collection of pieces, one of which is the singular dream of the "dead Christ," translated by Madame de Staël. The longest of the fruit pieces is the history of the *poor's advocate*, *Siebenkas*, one of the most remarkable and most personal of Jean Paul's works. Under the veil of fictitious characters, he describes his own transition from the every day life of reality, to the higher ideal life of poetry and imagination. The character of *Lenette*, in this work, is said to have been drawn from Paul's mother. It represents a noble, but limited and uninstructed nature, in contention with all the little down-pressing circumstances of real life, and menaced with the grim spectre of actual want. Nothing can be more true, and of more universal speculation, than Paul's view in this novel of the sufferings of an ill-assorted union, where there is neither vice nor crime, only an unequal standard of mind, and a deficiency of culture in one of the parties. The unhappy *Lenette* is incapable of understanding her gifted husband *Siebenkas*, full of tenderness and all noble qualities, who has married her for her innocence and simplicity, and is, at length, worn out by her narrowness, obtuseness, and want of sympathy; their mutual sufferings are rich in instruction for all married persons.

The breathing form of love that he gave to everything that came from his hands was felt in every heart, and gratitude, as well as admiration, induced many readers to crave a personal acquaintance with him. Invited by some noble ladies, he proceeded to Weimar, where his arrival created the greatest sensation. And this is not saying little, when it is considered that at that time the Augustan era of Weimar was at its zenith. Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Wieland, the Duchess Amalia, and the intellectual ladies of Weimar, especially a lady of the court, Lady Kalb, were fascinated by the geniality of the man, and the genius of the poet.

On visiting Dresden, a new, and hitherto unimagined, world was opened to him. He became acquainted with the Grecian plastic art. A new sun arose over his own, and threw its living beams upon his mind. He wrote to his friend Otto: "As yet, I can impart nothing to you but the hall of sculpture, that yesterday, like a new, huge world, pressed into my mind,

and nearly crowded the other out. We entered a long, light, vaulted hall, through which extended two rows of pillars. Between these pillars repose the old gods, who have thrown off the world of the grave, or the clouds of heaven, and reveal to us a holy, calm, and blessed world in their forms, and in our own breasts. Here we find the difference between the beauty of a man and that of a god. That excites, though gently, wishes and timidity; but this exists firm and simple, like the blue of ether before the world and time were created. The repose of perfection, not of weariness, looks from their eyes, and rests upon their lips. Whenever, in future, I write of great or beautiful objects, these gods will appear before me, and recall to me the laws of beauty. Now I know the Grecians, and can never forget them." And after his visit to the Dresden Sculpture Hall, he wrote in a neat pocket-book: "Unknown, unseen, here in the stillness of my empty chamber comes thy image! Ah! once, only once, thou All-loving, send to my thirsting heart that being, which, as an eternal pole-star, rises above me, and that, alas! I never reach!"

He soon returned to Weimar, and many pleasant anecdotes circulated about him. He made the acquaintance then of a female singer, who, though without beauty, was full of grace and wit. One day she asked Goethe how she should receive Jean Paul, whether she should come *trilling* to meet him? "Child," replied Goethe to her, "do as with me, and be natural."

The friendship which he formed in Weimar with Jacobi, threw him again on the path of philosophy. From the idealism of Fichte, which made egotism transcendental, he turned to what he thought the interests of humanity demanded. The immortality of man, as a self-conscious and accountable being—and to *love*, as the spring, incitement, and impelling principle of the universe.

He soon proceeded to the Court of Hildburghausen, where the four sister-princesses received him with the warmest demonstrations of sympathy and reverence, one of them afterwards the celebrated Louisa, Queen of Prussia, and the same sisters, to whom he dedicated his "*Titan*." But this dedication of "*Titan*" to the four distinguished daughters of the Prince of Mecklenburgh, is not to the sisters *upon the throne*, for he mentions only their baptismal names, and commends his "*Titan*" to their favor as exalted *human*, not *princely* beings; and when his friends represented that his "*Titan*" contained bitter satires against princes, he answered, "That his dedication was to them as women, not princesses, and that his satire touched princes only, not their wives."

In Berlin, too, he was received with great enthusiasm. There he made the acquaintance of Caroline Meyer, upon whose heart the wonderful man produced a strong and lasting impression. Jean Paul reciprocated her love, and hers was the good fortune to become his wife. His joy at the birth of his first child may be gathered from the following letter of his to an old friend:

"Your expressions over my wife touched me deeply. This very night she had, with her still continued blooming health, pains that prevented sleep. In the morning the

midwife declared that in two hours the birth would take place. About eleven o'clock it was followed by a god-like little daughter. Heaven! you will be as transported as I was, when the woman brought me, as out of a cloud, my second love, with the blue eyes wide open, a beautiful high brow, kiss-lipped, heart-touching, and with the little nose of my Caroline.

"God is near at the birth of every child. Who does not find him in this incomprehensible mechanism of pain, in this sublimity of his exquisite machinery, in this prostration of our own independence, will never find him."

But we cannot follow the life of Jean Paul any further, nor does the complicated character of his writings permit us to enlighten our readers by quotation. But we have already expressed ourselves on this head at the beginning of our article. The great idea of his most important work—his "Titan"—is that which so many poets have endeavored to represent, and which Goethe has so grandly evolved in Faust—the limitations and compensations of life—that all power as soon as it aims to exceed its just bounds, breaks down; that all who would violate the laws of eternal justice, necessarily fail. Hence the title of the book, taken from the contest of the ancient Titans against the gods. "Every heaven-stormer finds its hell, as sure as every mountain its valley." "Hesperus," "The Invisible Lodge," and "Levana" are his next important works. His "Flegel-jahre" (Carlyle translates it "Wild Oats." "Flegel" means a rude, clumsy, wild, gawkish sort of fellow, and Jean Paul intended to describe the incidents which occur in years of youthful effervescence, when the hotness of the blood and the want of knowledge and experience play all sorts and manners of wild, and odd, and funny freaks and tricks) occupies also a high rank in German literature, but, like many other of his writings, is full of dead puzzles to the English reader, but it is the truest expression of the inmost nature of the poet.

His "Introduction to Æsthetics" makes no pretensions to a complete theory of the Beautiful in Art, but is filled with lovely and poetical suggestions. Although he was so intimately connected with the German princes, he gave a proof of his independent spirit and heroic love of humanity, by publishing a high-toned appeal in behalf of freedom (Freedom Pamphlet). He wrote also a beautiful eulogy of Charlotte Corday, the Brutus of the French revolution. He represents Corday as sacrificing, in Marat, not the opponent of legitimacy, but the tyrant of a Republic.

His humorous productions are innumerable. But his humor, however delightful on paper, was still more delightful in real life. A very characteristic evidence of his charming humor may be found in an appeal which he made to General Bernadotte, to be saved from the inconveniences of having soldiers quartered in his house, when, in the autumn of 1806, the French troops were stationed in Bayreuth. He wrote the following letter to Bernadotte:

"FOUR FACTS, TWO HOPES, AND ONE REQUEST.
FACTS.

"First fact.—You, Sir, have none of the qualities inherent in the sad god of

Mars except that of valor; and you have the same love for humanity and for literature, which you have for glory.

"Second fact.—I, I am a writer. I live for the sake of writing, and I write for the sake of living. My pen supports my wife, three children, a dog, a bird, and myself. And it must make the poor still more poor by adding to their lists one more living and consuming being.

"Third fact.—The Muse wants solitude, and War or Victory wants (as your Highness is well aware) the whole of Europe.

"Fourth fact.—The French nation has always loved literature, which, in its turn, has loved the French nation;—its glory, consummate by its arms, was called into life by its men of genius. The Emperor Napoleon left Göttingen and Heidelberg unmolested in possession of the muses.

"HOPES.

"First Hope.—I hope that the certificate inclosed, though it is rather complimentary than historical, will make it evident to your Highness that I have received some tributes of admiration of my nation for my romantic, philosophical, and ethical writings.

"Second Hope.—I hope, that in case of war, my dwelling, or rather studio, will be exempted from the duty of boarding soldiers, and that it will remain an asylum of the muses.

"REQUEST.

"I beseech of the humanity of your Highness to realize these hopes, after having pardoned them. I beg that a line of your hand may secure me peace; that peace which poetry and philosophy so well deserve, since they diffuse it. The hand of the soldier sheds blood; the hand of the philanthropist dries the tears; but you have both hands.

"I remain, Highness, with deep regard,
Yours, most obedient,
JEAN PAUL RICHTER."

He died in his 60th year, and his death was as holy as his life. It was on the noon of the 14th November, 1823. Jean Paul, thinking it was night, said it was time to go to rest, and wished to retire. His wife now brought him a wreath of flowers that a lady had sent him, for every one wished to add some charm to his last days. As he touched them carefully,—for he could neither see nor smell them, he seemed to rejoice in the images of the flowers in his mind, for he said repeatedly to Caroline, "My beautiful flowers! my lovely flowers!"

These were his last words.

He was buried by torchlight: the unfinished manuscript of his last work,—*"Selina,"* borne upon his coffin, and the noble ode of Klopstock—"Thou shalt arise, my soul!" sung by the students of the Gymnasium at the burial vault.

For many of our remarks about Jean Paul's life we are indebted to Miss Lee's translation of his Autobiography;—a work which our friends will find easy to obtain and to read, even if they should shrink from the study of Jean Paul's other works.

As much, perhaps, as any other country, our country, despotically ruled as it is by

the useful but mercenary spirit of trade, requires the genial, lowly examples of lives like that of the noble Jean Paul.

Our men of genius,—our artists and our scholars, too, will, we trust, in the contemplation of such lives, conceive the possibility of a higher tone of existence, and find inciting motives for a higher, loftier application of their power.

PAINTING AND POETRY.

It is an old question, never likely to be settled,—which is the worthier Art, or which answers the ends of Art better—Painting or Poetry? Now, their instrumentalities are so different, their spheres, though at times overlaying, are often so far apart, that there is hardly justice in forcing a positive, but only a circumstantial comparison. To our mind the painter is nothing without the poetic element, but the poet is still poetic, debarred from the painter's idiosyncrasies—as in the delineation of the inward expression of soul, ignoring bodily significance. For instance, take a dead calm at sea, which lies objectless, all beneath a perfectly cloudless sky—a fit theme for the poet, to raise consonant thoughts, but for the canvas, of no avail: the very monotony that is its suggestive quality to the poet, totally unfits it for the painter; for what can a few feet of surface effect for the sense of illimitable invariableness? Each one may look at their varied provinces as he likes—the prerogative of free-thought, that pet of humanity, not to say, idol. Men have manifold ways of thinking, and each to his own satisfaction. Consequently there is no lack of diversity as to the limit of either art. Goethe would confine the attempts of the painter, or artist of design, within the bounds of the Beautiful;—well enough, certainly, if we can keep him there; but there are one or two pictures, the world is pleased with, that rather come into the region of non-conformity. The artist of language, on the contrary, may go for his theme where he pleases—a license is graciously granted, which is sure to be taken!

The German sums the matter thus:—"The former's endeavors are for the outward sense, which is content with the Beautiful: the latter works for the imagination, which can be even reconciled to Deformity." Goethe had his likings, and a theory thereupon. All very well. But the outward senses of many a person we meet, rather rejoices sometimes in the un-beautiful, and does not think it unartistic either, just as sportsman-like he admires that bunch of scragginess—a Scotch terrier, and undoubtedly thinks it isn't ugly. A thing is worth what it will bring, and all manœuvres possible cannot make it demand more. Something in the same way, we would have all idealists in Art believe, that a thing is artistically acceptable, so far as it pleases refined tastes, as they go, which are not altogether trammelled with rules of guidance, established by a self-elected college of pretenders to fine tastes. Theories men will have, now as ever, but the *ifs* and *buts* of individuals show the fallacy of making such criterions; and especially in Art-matters, where one fine genius wants no better sport than to mock triumphantly at any favorite notion of connoisseurs.